

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY commenced his campaign for 1847, on Tuesday evening, somewhat earlier in the field than has recently been his wont. The reason is very obvious:—Her Majesty's Theatre gets nearly two months start of its formidable opponent, the Royal Italian Opera; ample time to establish itself firmly upon the soil, and to acquire a large amount of public *prestige* in its favour. In our remembrance of Opera doings, no season has opened more worthily; and when the difficulties under which Mr. Lumley has been placed are taken into consideration, the result is highly creditable to his sagacity as a manager and to his spirit as a speculator. It is evident that no money has been spared, and that the director's determination to provide sumptuously for his patrons has been carried out by efficient, zealous, and active officers. Before we enter upon a detailed account of the performances of Tuesday evening let us consider those new points in the general appearance of things which call for special notice. We must begin, then, with rendering homage where it is so supereminently due, that to overlook it, or even to underrate it, or still further to speak of it without enthusiasm, would be nothing less than monstrous injustice. Mr. Balfe, our countryman, whose engagement as director of the orchestra has been so testily rated in certain quarters, has turned up, as we shall endeavour to show, a trump card for the establishment—aye, the ace of trumps. It was only last autumn that Mr. Lumley was made thoroughly aware of the difficulties under which he was placed by the secession of more than five-sixths of his band and chorus. The importance of these adjuncts of the Opera establishment, the perfection to which they had been drilled by long experience of Signor Costa's most able *surveillance*, and the seeming impossibility of replacing them by anything approaching to a worthy substitute, scarcely admitted of a question. Singers and dancers could be obtained for more or less money, but an orchestra composed of the flower of the instrumental talent of the resident profession, and furthermore quintupled in value by many years' training in the establishment, under a conductor of remarkable talent, as much respected for the independence and liberality of his private character, as for the knowledge and ability which in his peculiar walk enabled him to set competition at defiance—an orchestra, in most respects admirable, and in many respects incomparable, it was not unreasonable to suppose could hardly be replaced without years of toil and the most singular good luck. It is all very well to blink the question, but it is not the less a solemn truth, that Signor Costa and his orchestra were the soul of Her Majesty's Theatre. We say this with the less hesitation, since we cannot be accused of overrating the worth of the late conductor. With all these facts before us, we cannot but own the surprise and gratification with which we heard the overture to *La*

Favorita, and the majority of the choral pieces, executed on Tuesday night by the artists whom Mr. Balfe's judgment and activity had enabled him to get together on so short a notice and so trying an occasion. Two months ago not one engagement had been made; so that in two months Mr. Balfe not only contrived to hear and pronounce a verdict on every individual of the collective force, but to practice them in concert so as to produce an effective and striking *ensemble*. Taking chorus and band together it is easy to calculate, from our experience of such matters, that Mr. Balfe must have given audience to at least five hundred persons. Besides which, to our knowledge, many of the foreigners who came to him with great names, he was compelled, conscientiously, either to dismiss or displace, and to find substitutes and leaders from English artists. Thus M. Elie, who was to have been the first flute, though, we believe, acknowledged a good soloist, was found quite out of his element in an orchestra, and an English professor, Mr. Clinton, was engaged for that post. M. Elie came also with the reputation of a first-rate piccolo player; nevertheless the piccolo, on Tuesday night, was snatched, *at the last moment*, from one of the Casino bands of the metropolis. A certain M. Bahr was engaged as first horn, and arrived with an enormous continental repute; but what was the result? In trying the capabilities of the orchestra, the conductor found it necessary to remove M. Bahr, by degrees, from the seat of *corno primo* to that of *corno ultimo*, and on Tuesday Mr. Catchpole, an English artist from one of our theatre-orchestras, played the first horn, and M. Bahr the fourth. The *Morning Chronicle*, in noticing the absence of M. Elie from the ranks, also signals that of M. Lavigne the oboist. In answer to which it is only necessary to state, that M. Lavigne, for reasons of his own with which we have nothing to do, has not made his appearance yet in London. In his absence, Mr. Horton, an English artist, and nearly, if not quite, as good an orchestral performer, occupied the post of first oboe on Tuesday night, and accomplished its duties most ably. The first bassoon, M. Templini, is equal to any bassoon in the world. The ease with which he takes the high notes is astonishing, and he only wants an increased volume of tone (which he cannot, with his talent, fail of acquiring) to become another Baumann. M. L'Anglois, the *primo contrabasso*, and Signor Piatti, the *primo violoncello*, stand in no need of our praise; they are acknowledged first-rates. Then, among the violins, we have such excellent players as M. Pluys, from Brussels, Mr. Collins, Mr. Sidney Smith, Mr. Day, and many other established English players. The trombones and trumpets are highly efficient, though perhaps a little too loud. The tenors are good, but there are scarcely enough of them. The violoncellos and basses are excellent, but exhibit the same deficiency. The strength of the band is thus divided:—*violins* 28, *tenors* 8, *violoncellos* 8, *double basses* 8, and the usual complement of

wind instruments and "kitchen furniture." (We speak from our own survey on Tuesday night, not from any printed authority.) In *La Favorita*, Donizetti has written four trumpet parts, and four trumpets were there for the occasion; besides a harp, absolutely essential in French operas. Altogether the band numbers about 80, more or less. Its general effect is striking, but of course it wants the refinement which will come with constant practice. At all events, if we except that of the Royal Italian Opera, no such band exists in this country, and its present comparative inferiority to its rival is rather the consequence of inexperience than of inefficient materials for ultimate perfection. The choral forces are thus divided:—*soprani*, 33; *tenori*, 27; *bassi*, 20; in all 80. The *soprani* and *tenori* are very good—but the *bassi* are superb. In regard to this department of his company, we strongly suspect Mr. Lumley will have the advantage of his opponents. Now, we put it to any reasonable person, whether what Mr. Balfe, alone and unaided, has contrived to bring forward, in such a remarkable condition of excellence, in these most important departments, does not entitle him to unlimited credit. Mr. Lumley has, indeed, been most fortunate in securing the co-operation of a director at once so able, so zealous, and so untiring.

The house was filled to overflowing on Tuesday night, an event that was pretty nearly certain to occur, the circumstances of the moment considered. Mr. Balfe made his appearance in the orchestra a few minutes after eight, and his presence was acknowledged by a rapturous burst of applause. The execution of the overture to *La Favorita*, a brilliant, if not a profound composition, at once demonstrated the quality of the orchestra. The *crescendos* were admirably managed, the *fortissimos* terrific, and the general performance splendid and effective. The overture was loudly encored, the *Allegro Mosso*, in C minor, repeated, and the question of the orchestra at once thoroughly established. Mr. Lumley had vanquished one great difficulty, and the audience were eager in acknowledging it. *La Favorita* is, perhaps, the masterpiece of Donizetti, and is certainly one of the most elaborate and difficult of his operas. It is one among many proofs which the composer has given to the world of a magnificent talent that in too many of his works has been unworthily compromised. This opera was first produced at the *Academie Royale* in Paris, on the 2nd December, 1840. It was written for the *Renaissance*, but that theatre being closed it was transferred to the other. The story of the drama may be best told in the words of a paper which was distributed in the boxes of Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday night, a useful and elegant pamphlet, serving the double purpose of a bill of the evening's entertainments and a compendium of appropriate chit-chat on musical matters in general:—

"The scene passes in the kingdom of Castile, in 1340. Leonora de Guzman, celebrated for her wit and beauty, is loved by Alfonso XI., King of Castile, of whom she becomes the favourite. The ascendancy which she acquires over the monarch becomes so great, that he resolves, in order to espouse her, to repudiate the Queen, his wife. The Pope interferes, and menaces the King with excommunication if he persist in his project. In the meantime the Moors threaten the kingdom of Castile. Alfonso XI. hastens to meet and give them battle; the result is a decisive victory, owing chiefly to Fernando, a youthful captain of his army. Fernando, formerly a novice in the convent of Santiago de Compostella, has seen and loved Leonora, of whose name and rank he is ignorant. Carried away by his passion, he has quitted the convent, obtained, by the favour of Leonora, a brevet of captain, and by his valour the triumph of the King's arms. Overwhelmed already by the favours of his sovereign, he asks of him the hand of the noble object of his affection; and the King, who has discovered the love of Leonora for Fernando, determines on the sacrifice of his own sentiments, and gives his consent to the marriage. The favourite informs her lover, by letter, of her relation with Alfonso. Unfortunately her confidant, Inez,

is unable to fulfil her commission, being imprisoned by order of the King, and the marriage is accomplished. After the ceremony, Fernando perceives that the eyes of all are turned away from him, or exhibit marks of evident contempt. He imperiously demands the cause; and is informed that he has wedded the mistress of the King. Fernando, indignant, utters imprecations on his bride, throws his knightly sword at Alfonso's feet, abdicates his recently-acquired titles, and, heart-broken, returns to the convent to take his vows. Leonora, in despair at the irremediable misfortune she has brought upon her lover, determines, before she dies, to see him once more and obtain his pardon. Habited as a novice, she penetrates the convent, is recognised by Fernando, whose love returns at her sight, and who proposes that they fly together far from Castile. It is too late: Leonora expires at her lover's feet—but pardoned and happy."

A finer subject for an *opera seria* would be difficult to name, and Donizetti, in his musical treatment of it, raises himself so far above his former self, that musicians fail to recognise the elegant Neapolitan trifler save in the pretty fluency of certain of the *cabalettas*, and the occasional sacrifices of strict taste at the shrine of vocal display. We have neither time nor space to analyse the music as it merits. A brief abstract of the different pieces must suffice, until a better occasion serves our turn.

The opera is in four acts, and at the *Academie Royale* occupies the whole night in performance, an example which it would have been advisable for Her Majesty's Theatre to follow, since the second act comprises an entire *ballet*, which renders another *ballet* during the evening superfluous. As it happened, Donizetti's music was mutilated, and the audience kept in the theatre till nearly two o'clock, a consummation devoutly to be undesired. The overture to *La Favorita* chiefly deserves noting as one of the very few complete orchestral pieces with which Donizetti has favoured us. In other respects it is an ordinary French prelude, noisy and brilliant, but somewhat vapid. It served, however, to show off Mr. Balfe's orchestra to good advantage, on Tuesday night. The first act begins with a choral movement for men's voices, in C, well written, and in dramatic keeping with the ecclesiastical character; it is sung by the monks of the monastery of St. James, proceeding to their orisons in the chapel. The sequences and suspensions in this chorus are natural and easy, and indicate Donizetti's knowledge of harmony to be greater than the world has given him credit for. After some recitatives, Fernando, the young novice, reveals his love for a lady whom he has seen while at his devotions, to Balthazar, his friend and Superior of the Monastery. This lady is Leonora, the Favourite. The tenor air which Donizetti has written here, in A major, "Une ange, une femme," is equally simple and expressive. The first couplet is plainly accompanied, the second is set off by new phrases for the wind instruments. Then follows a duet for tenor and bass, in which Balthazar reproaches Fernando, while the young novice endeavours to excuse his passion for the fair unknown. This duet is an exceedingly fine composition, expressive and dramatic—the instrumentation is superb—the bassoons and violoncellos are employed with great skill and characteristic effect. A *cantabile* phrase for the tenor, in D flat, is in itself beautiful, and contrasts well with the grave tone of what precedes it. This *cantabile* occurs twice and the second time gives way to a brilliant *coda*. An air and chorus for female voices in F, "Rayons dorés," for Inez, the favorite's waiting-maid, and the attendants, is deliciously fresh and soothing, charming as much by its unpretension as by its grace. Another air and chorus, for the same persons, in D, "Doux zephyrs," is equally pleasing, though of an opposite character, the style being sparkling and joyous instead of melancholy. Some recitative for Inez and Fernando gives way to a duet for Leonora

and the latter, in C, which involves two agreeable *motivi*, one in A minor, passionate and tender, the other in the original key of the duet. A martial air, in A, for Fernando, is bold and animated, demanding a large degree of energy on the part of the singer; with this ends the first Act. The air was omitted by Signor Gardoni on Tuesday night, which was to be regretted, since it is one of the most effective pieces in the opera, and displays Donizetti's knowledge of the orchestra to great advantage; moreover, without it, the curtain drops on an anti-cmax.

Act II opens with a noisy instrumental fragment, introductory to the appearance on the scene of Alphonso XI, King of Castile. Some accompanied recitative leads to a *larghetto* in A minor for the King, followed by a *moderato* in F. The first is beautiful, the second spirited but not strikingly new. The instrumentation throughout is admirable, and the whole is an effective display for a bass voice. A duet for Leonora and the King, beginning in E, and ending in A, contains a pleasing *larghetto* in six-eight, for the latter, and concludes with a slow *cabaletta*, in thirds and sixths, which has no other characteristic than triviality. Next comes a *ballet*, consisting of four pieces:—an introduction, *Vivace* in B flat—a *pas de trois*, in various movements and keys—a *pas de six* of equal variety—and a *pas d'ensemble* in D, minor or major, throughout. This dance-music cannot be compared to that in *Guillaume Tell*, or *La Muette*, or even *Robert*, for fancy and melody; but it is good enough in its way, sparkling and natural, brilliantly arranged for the orchestra, and absolutely necessary to the design and completeness of the opera. It was therefore to be lamented that the authorities of Her Majesty's Theatre should consent to so great a liberty being taken with Donizetti's score as was involved in its omission on Tuesday night. The *Chronicle* is right in complaining of the loss of the *divertissements*, though we have sought in vain throughout the score (for the loan of which we are indebted to our kind friend, Mr. C. R. Wessel) for the dances in the first act, equally regretted by the *Chronicle*. The *finale* to the 2nd act is long and fragmentary; but it is highly dramatic, full of contrast, and abounds in masterly points of musicianship, developing with great felicity one of the most striking situations of the drama—the refusal of the King to abandon Leonora, and the anathema of the Pope pronounced by the monk Balthazar.

The third act is a master-piece in its peculiar school. It contains a trio in D, for Leonora, Fernando, and Alphonso, in which the plaintive and exquisite melody for the bass "Pourtant amour," that has captivated the ear of all France, and will doubtless produce the same effect in England, plays the most important part—a song for Leonora, beginning with a passionate and beautiful recitative in A minor, leading to a *cantabile* in C, "O mon Fernand," which is almost as popular as the melody to which we have just alluded; and a *cabaletta* in E major, which albeit it has much energy, and flows easily, is the least interesting portion of the song, which sins more on the score of irregular tonality than on any other—a pretty and effective chorus of nobles, in A, ingeniously mingled with recitatives and solos—and the magnificent *finale*, the grand point of the opera, which contains among other fine things, the unison chorus in F, for male voices, which brought out Mr. Balfe's chorus on Tuesday, with astounding effect. The situations comprised in this *finale* are wonderfully dramatic and exciting—the heroism of Fernando, and the disgrace of the favorite, intermingled with the various incidents arising from the passions and observations of the spectators, all artfully combined by the dramatists M M. Scribe, Royer, and

Vaez. A peculiarity in this finale, wherein it appears that Donizetti has either not studied or has disregarded the models left by Mozart and other great masters,

"Those death-like children of the hidden cloud,"

is the utter contempt he displays for relative tonality. The finale begins in D minor, passes through a great variety of keys, and finally settles in C major, in which key it concludes. Among the modern Italians, Rossini is the only one, we believe, who adheres upon principle to the natural laws of tonality. Donizetti sins like the rest of them.

In the fourth act Donizetti has embodied the gravity of the ecclesiastical style in his music without overloading it with extra-elaboration. The chorus of monks in E, Balthazar's solo in G, and another short choral movement in C which follows, are solemn and impressive, though studiously simple. Fernando's well known cavatina, "Ange si pur," in C, is a melody that appeals at once to universal appreciation, and once heard can never be forgotten; nothing can be more simple and unpretending, while nothing can be more tender, and although it is perfectly original, it is so natural that it comes upon the ear like the recollection of a melody heard in childhood. The recitatives and choral fragments which follow are scarcely less unaffected and beautiful. The effect of the monks' hymn, in A flat, sung from behind the scenes, with the accompaniment of an organ, is grave and in good keeping with the situation. The recitative for Leonora and Fernando, which opens with a passionate instrumental introduction in C minor, is very fine. The duet for Leonora and Fernando is also a beautiful composition, though its tonal construction is singularly incoherent. For example, the opening *Allegro* for Fernando begins in A minor; it has an episode in C, which leads to an accompanied recitative in E flat; a *larghetto* for Leonora in A flat minor then occurs, which gives way to a *cabaletta* in A flat; some more recitative in C minor brings us back once more to A minor, and leads to a second *cabaletta* in C, which, as the duet attains the climax, is interrupted by a cadence into A flat, the renewal of the monks' chorus already alluded to. In spite of this apparent rambling, however, the duet is full of musical beauties, and abounds in fine dramatic points. The opera concludes with an *Allegro Agitato* in B flat minor, a short movement of great energy and intensity, illustrating very beautifully the sad catastrophe of the drama—the death of Leonora, after Fernando has forgiven her, and avowed the unchanged love he bears her.

This hurried sketch (intended exclusively for our musical readers) can give but a faint notion of the merits of *La Favorita*, which, if not absolutely a work of genius, approaches as nearly the mark as high talent and consummate experience can accomplish. That Donizetti has both these can hardly be questioned, and the splendid manner in which he has here exhibited them declares him beyond a doubt one of the first musicians of the present epoch, and the Italian who nearest approaches in excellence the gifted "Swan of Pesaro."

But it is time to speak of the style in which the opera was given at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday night, and of the debutantes, about whom so much expectation had been raised. We have said enough of the band and chorus to make our opinion of their capabilities known. We may add that the chorus in F, for male voices, in the finale to the second act, was so finely sung that the audience unanimously called for its repetition. The debutantes were all successful. Signor Gardoni (Fernando), the tenor from the French *Academie*, achieved a complete triumph. His voice is a legitimate tenor of rare quality, round and beautiful in the middle tones, clear

and "silvery" in the high ones. Over this voice the singer has acquired a complete control, which ensures that invariable correctness of intonation that yields to no other charm in vocalism. His execution is chaste and unerring, and his style, though full of energy and passionate expression, is wholly divested of affectation and exuberance. In short, Signor Gardoni is an artist, in the best sense of the word, and a vocalist of the very highest pretensions. His reception was enthusiastic. His air in the first act, "Une femme, une ange," at once proclaimed his excellence to the audience, and won their unanimous suffrages—it was boisterously encored. A similar compliment was paid to the cavatina of the fourth act, "Ange si pur," and the energy and dramatic force displayed in the finale to the third (for he not only sings, but acts admirably) gained unbounded applause for the young singer. Signor Gardoni's success is indisputable, and he is likely to prove a most valuable acquisition to Mr. Lumley, whose discretion and judgment were never better exercised than in his engagement. Mr. Lumley will not, we suspect, have reason to repent his moiety of the *dedit* of 50,000 francs incurred by the engagement of this new tenor, the signal for whose popularity in this country was given on Tuesday night in a manner that could not be mistaken.

Signor Superchi (Alphonso XI.), the new barytone, for whom Verdi did (according to the *Post*), and did not (according to the *Chronicle*) compose his opera of *Ernani* (a matter of mighty import truly!) is also an acquisition for Mr. Lumley. With the slight tendency to flat intonation which would seem to be inseparable from barytones, he has an agreeable and capable voice, a chaste and uninflated style, and an easy deportment, which gives an air of natural propriety to all he does. Signor Superchi was encored in his duet (with Leonora) in the second act, and much applauded in the romance, "Pourtant amour," of the trio in the third act. Signor Superchi is not a Tamburini, but he is worth a dozen Fornasaris. Again we must be eulogistic in favour of Signor Bouché (Balthazar) the third debutante, who has a bass voice that charms alike by flexibility and sympathetic quality of tone. Without being great, Signor Bouché is a right good singer, and though not a striking, a sensible actor, and one who makes his presence in the concerted music invaluable. He was well received and frequently applauded through the opera, losing no point where his powers as a vocalist could be manifested without undue obtrusion. Thus far for three of the debutants. Madlle. Nascio, the fourth, who undertook the subordinate part of Inez, lacked power to give expression to the pretty and natural music that Donizetti has written for the character. The part of Leonora (the favorite) was supported by Madlle. Sanchioli, one of those new importations who, last season, were made unduly prominent by the management of Her Majesty's Theatre. We own that our recollections of Madlle. Sanchioli left us little disposed in her favor, but we were agreeably disappointed. It is one thing to scream through a ridiculously unvocal partition of Verdi, and quite another to sing through a thoroughly vocal part like that of the Favorite. Verdi is ruining all the voices in Italy, and it is a fact to which we can bear testimony, that Miss Hayes, one of the most popular and gifted dramatic singers that the Italian stage possesses, makes a clause in all her engagements, that she shall not be asked to sing in any of Verdi's operas. Donizetti on the other hand is a thorough master of the capabilities of voices, and even in his most elaborate *bravuras* consults them with effect, and writes vocally. Moreover the part of Leonora was written for a *mezzo-soprano*, Mad. Stoltz

and the voice of Madlle. Sanchioli is an indisputable *mezzo-soprano*. The consequence is that she sings the music with ease, and those who heard her on Tuesday night could scarcely believe they were listening to the *prima donna* whom they recollected last season labouring with evident agony through an incoherent rhapsody of passages, totally unsuited to her voice, or indeed to that of any earthly singer. The hyena-tribe of vocalists might perhaps do justice to Signor Verdi's effusions, but they are suited to nothing human. It must be mentioned also that Madame Sanchioli has greatly improved in style. Her acting no less than her singing, is thrice more natural and easy than it was. On the whole, indeed, she sustained the part of Leonora, if not greatly, at least sensibly effectively, and artistically. The audience was not slow in recognizing Madame Sanchioli's great improvement, and applauded her liberally and frequently. If she thus continue to progress, there is no knowing to what a height she may ultimately attain in her art. On the whole, we have seldom heard an opera more satisfactorily represented in all its parts, than *La Favorita* on Tuesday night. If this be the result of competition, Mr. Lumley's best friends will not be sorry that the existence of a rival establishment should have been the cause of weakening his energies. After the third and fourth acts of the opera, Signor Gardoni and the other principal singers were recalled; and at the conclusion, the young tenor reappeared, accompanied by Madlle. Sanchioli, at the unanimous desire of the audience. Mr. Lumley was then called for, and, subsequently, Mr. Balfe, both walking successively across the stage amidst loud and general applause. The Italian version of *La Favorita*, by Signor Jannetti, Mr. Lumley's Poet-Laureat, is excellent; but the English version of that version is filled with glaring errors and mistranslations, from one end to the other.

The *Ballet* must be dismissed in as few words as possible. Mr. Lumley, ever active in this department, for which his theatre has long been famous, has provided us several new dancers, and a new entertainment to exhibit their attractions. The title is, *Coralia, or the inconstant Knight*. The story is founded on the beautiful and popular German romance of *Undine*, by La Motte Fouque; and condensing the opera version, may be thus narrated:—

"Sir Hildebrand of Ringolletten the devoted admirer of the Duke's daughter, Bertha, is required by her to dare the adventures of the Enchanted Forest, and is for this purpose presented by the lady with an enchanted scarf, whose magic powers are to serve him in his enterprise. In the hut of a fisherman he sees Coralia, the niece of Fraisondin, the spirit of the waters. He saves the girl, by means of the magic scarf, from death, risked by her heedlessness and after avowing his love for her espouses her forgetful of his faith to Bertha. His return to the coast is followed by the appearance of the fisherman and his wife to claim the daughter of the duke as their own, lost at the time they first found the infant niece of the water spirit. Indignant at the want of feeling with which Bertha treats her parents, the duke determines on abandoning her, and Coralia in pity offers her a residence in the castle of Sir Hildebrand, which Bertha accepts, but here the ancient love revives and Sir Hildebrand forgets his passion for Coralia. Fraisondin, who visits the castle from the bubbling waters of a fountain in its precincts, inspires Coralia with jealousy and confirmed in this idea by the sight of the magic scarf, with which she maintains the passion of the knight, she tears off her wedding-ring and plunges in the fountain, while the avenging Fraisondin drags Sir Hildebrand to destruction."

Madlle. Carolina Rosati arrived with a preliminary flourish of trumpets from the *Morning Post* and other papers. Contrary to custom she justified most that had been predicated in her favour. She has an expressive face, and a slight and graceful figure. Her execution is extremely natural, and easy, and perhaps, for this reason, seldom or never surprises. Her action and miming, however, are not original, the charming and incomparable Carlotta Grial being her evident type—and

who that attempts to soar in her element can hope to triumph?—"who can imitate that which is inimitable?" (as Byron said of Scott in a foot-note—thinking quite the opposite all the while.) Nevertheless, Mdle. Rosati has great and incontestible merits, and was often and deservedly visited by marks of undeniable approval from the audience. But the triumph of the evening was the *Pas de Rosières*, danced by a very young debutante (who exhibited no signs whatever of debutantish nervousness), Mdle. Marie Taglioni, daughter, we are told, of M. Paul Taglioni, the inventor of the present *ballet*, and by consequence niece to the great Taglioni herself. Whether Marie Taglioni will ever be Marie Taglioni—i. e. worthy of her name—remains to be seen. She is as pretty and quaint in personal appearance as can well be, and her Chinese *coiffure* adds to the piquant originality of her countenance. Then her figure, *tres prononcé* for her years (some seventeen, they say) is exquisitely moulded, after a model that Titian would have exulted over. Her feet, like little mice, run here and there, with a quickness almost imperceptible, as the deceptive twinkling of those far-off suns, which astronomers have dubbed "fixed stars." Then her legs (dare we name them!) are, as it were, chiselled from the sloping limbs of one of Raphael's (not Canova's) "Graces." Altogether there is something so young, so singular, so fresh, so pretty, and so generally attractive about little Marie Taglioni that no wonder everything she did was applauded to the very echo. Still, prejudice apart, she already exhibits unusual talent, and moves about with grace; her limbs are as pliant as they are well moulded, and there is an originality of *couleur* in much that she effects. There is, so to speak, a sinuousness in her motions that makes it appear as though she were not an osseous biped. In some of her attitudes we remarked a tendency to voluptuousness that in one so young excites admiration and delight, but would hardly be so graceful and so innocent in adult woman-hood. The other dancers—M. Louis D'Or (a novelty from Paris), Madame Petit Stephan (whom all of us know and admire), Mdle. Honoré (an excellent *coryphée*), Mdle. Carolina Baucourt (another handsome and flexible importation of whom more anon), and MM. Gosselin, Venafrà, and Gouriet (veterans highly esteemed in their walk, or rather "step"), exerted themselves efficiently, and gained their full meed of approval. The ballet is magnificently got up in all its appointments, and the scenery is highly creditable to the talented Mr. Marshall and his assistants. Some of the scenic contrivances are astonishing, when the resources of the theatre in this particular are taken into consideration. The performances concluded about a quarter to two o'clock.

So much for the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday, Feb. 16th, 1847. That Mr. Lumley has fought manfully against adverse circumstances cannot be denied. The wonder is, after what has happened, that he has gathered confidence and force enough to fight at all. Now that he is in the field, however, in advance of his powerful adversary, he must stand to it like a hero. There are many who would rejoice at the downfall of his establishment; but we are none of these, whatever he may think, and whatever they may tell him, who are not our well-wishers, nor his most prudent, however they may be his most zealous adherents. Mr. Lumley has begun the season nobly, and has bravely defied adversity. Let him proceed in this fashion, and he will find among his warmest backers, all those who respect truth and detest puffing.

PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

Our contemporaries in the provinces are eager to give their readers as much musical news as possible, and, sooner than

not be prepared with a budget, they coin it from their own brains. Take the following example from *The Liverpool Chronicle*, the writer of which would appear to know more than all the London papers put together, and what is stranger, more of some people's affairs than they know themselves:—Observe what is stated of Mr. Bunn, in relation to the Jenny Lind business, and of Mr. Balfe, *quoad* the dispute between the Drury Lane lessee and himself, on the first night of *The Bondman*.

"There is still some reason for supposing that Mrs. Butler and Macready, by their united efforts in one establishment, before the season is over, will rejoice the hearts of the lovers of the "legitimate," by presenting our standing plays in the metropolis. Whether at Drury Lane, or not, it might be premature at present to state; one thing I can vouch for, the opera and ballet at that gigantic theatre have for some nights past ceased to draw, and that though Mr. Bunn, the lessee's name, does not appear in the newly issued programme of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, he is assuredly engaged at that establishment, and steps across to assume the direction sometime before the commencement of the season, protracted till after Easter. This engagement will oblige Mr. Bunn, active as he is, to withdraw either in part or altogether from Old Drury; nearly all the chief dancers and coryphées at Drury Lane have been engaged at the two rival Italian houses; this puts an end to the ballet at the Lane, instead of which spectacle is to be introduced should the theatre continue open, if not, why then we may have Butler and Macready. Bunn, I have it from good authority, is most anxious to keep his promise with the public in respect of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale; he has refused, within the last few days, no less a sum than £3,000, offered by the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, to give up all claim to Jenny. Bunn still refuses, but I have reason to believe, were he allowed to present the fair and accomplished Swede on the boards of Drury Lane for but one night—and that the first, he would accept the above sum; then she might warble where she liked. Balfe and Bunn have sometime since made up their differences, the former, I believe, acknowledging that he was in the wrong; he found fault with Harrison's dress in his new opera of the *Bondman*, imagining that it had come from the pegs of the *Rue de Fripperie*, which it certainly did not, whatever might be said of some of the others. However, the parties have come to an understanding. Monday night was a melancholy one; the theatre was devoted to a benefit for the Irish and Scotch, the weather was inclement, and the company scant."

The Mrs. Butler and Macready speculation is, as the *Chronicle* would say, mere moonshine, and the rest of the information is about as authentic. But our contemporary will observe, "A newspaper must have news or it unfulfils its mission;" and this, we presume must serve for an apology, in the absence of a better.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, MONDAY, FEB. 15.

I INTENDED to have written before this, but the last week has been a very busy one indeed with us. Only imagine a levée, drawing-room, and ball at the castle; a concert *monstre* for the benefit of the poor; amateur theatricals; and last, though not least, Madame Bishop at the Theatre Royal—all in one week. But do not believe, because I have paid my *devoirs* at the vice-regal court, danced a quadrille or polka at the ball, or undertook to exhibit my histrionic powers at the performance of the amateur actors, that I have therefore neglected musical affairs, or have forgotten my promise to you concerning Madame Bishop, about whom, I am well convinced, the great mass of your readers are particularly interested. Well, then, passing over the concert *monstre* on Friday, the 12th (which was nothing else than a repetition of the one given the previous week, and was as thinly attended as the first was crowded), I will introduce you at once to Madame Bishop's performances at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street. I have already told you in general terms of the immense success she obtained in the *Maid of Artois* on her debut; but I think it will be agreeable to the spirit of criticism, and but doing justice to the charming artist, to name a few particulars of the performance. The reception the audience gave to Madame Bishop was most enthusiastic. After the opening recitative—one of the very highest efforts of vocalisation I ever heard—the singer was compelled to pause for several seconds in acknowledgement of the acclamations from all parts of the house. Throughout the whole opera she was listened to with the most breathless attention.

Every motion of the artist was watched, every note was felt, and the audience from the first scene were bound in the spell of the enchantress. You yourself, who have been frequently in our fair city, and have witnessed the impulsiveness of our theatrical assemblies, can understand the *furor* of an Irish auditory when swayed by genius. The desert scene is by far the best portion of the opera both as a vehicle for the singer and actor; and in this grand scene Madame Bishop shone truly pre-eminent. Nothing could be more exquisitely expressive than her pathos, and nothing more unpretending. It was the deepest passion seemingly evolved without an effort. The *rondo finale*, one of the most difficult *morceaux* we have heard, was splendidly given, and rapturously encored. It was an amazing display of vocal facility and brilliancy. Madame Bishop was tumultuously called for at the end, and I do not think, that even with the recollection of continental applause ringing in her ears, she will soon forget the warm greeting she obtained from poor Paddy. It is really the opinion of those conversant with theatrical matters, that Madame Bishop has been the most tremendous hit at the theatre for many years. On Thursday and Friday *La Sonnambula* was played. Madame Bishop's Amina, on the whole, is a better performance than her Isolene. It is more complete, more touching, if less grand; and the music of Bellini is better fitted to her voice than that of Balle, which was written for a powerful contralto, not for a brilliant soprano. I need not acquaint you that poor Malibran's voice, notwithstanding its enormous compass, was in reality a contralto. To specify Madame Bishop's best *morceaux* in the opera of *Sonnambula* would be to name every portion she sang. From the opening recitative, and aria "Dearest Companion," to the brilliant finale, all was perfect. On Saturday *The Maid of Artois* was repeated by particular desire of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The house was crowded with all the fashionable residents in the metropolis, and presented an unusually splendid appearance; the whole of the viceregal party seemed highly delighted with Madame Bishop's performances. Next week, Madame Bishop is announced to appear in an English version of Donizetti's celebrated opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and also in *Anna Bolena*. His Royal Highness, Prince George of Cambridge, patronizes the Theatre on Saturday next, and has commanded the performance of *The Maid of Artois*. Monday the 22d inst., is fixed for the *prima donna's* benefit. Two circumstances in the engagement of Madame Bishop at our Theatre, are sufficiently to be regretted. The first is, that so great an artist should come amongst us at such a deplorable time—deplorable both as regards the state of the country and the inclemency of the season. The second circumstance which is a cause of regret, is, that this great artist should be so inefficiently supported. Surely some blame, as regards want of foresight, must attach to Madame Bishop in this instance. Could she not find in all London some deserving artist who could take part with her in opera, and support her as she ought to be supported; or was she so ill-judging as to fancy second, or third-rate tenors, and basses were to be found belonging to theatres out of the metropolis; or that the manager of provincial Theatres could supply them? Wherever the fault lies, the evil consequence has fallen on Madame Bishop; for great as her success has been, and splendid the triumphs that awaited her, her performances have lost much of their importance by the incomplete manner in which they were represented. When Grisi, or Castellan, comes to Dublin, does one or the other come unattended by an efficient support? Will the one perform without Mario, or the other without Lablache? No, they are too good judges, and are well aware that the greatest talent, single-handed, has up-hill work of it. It is a matter of the utmost surprise to me that Madame Bishop has not brought her own party with her. It is astonishing how, with little or nothing to assist her performance, she can produce the immense effect she does; and by her sole powers, histrionic and lyric, keep the audience interested for three or four hours. Next Tuesday, the first philharmonic concert takes place. The charming duet singers the Misses Williams, are engaged, as is also your celebrated London pianist, Mad. Dulcken. I was not little amazed at a *puff positive*—I can call it nothing less—which has appeared here in all our papers, respecting a new Cadenza received direct from Dr. Mendelssohn, expressly written for Madame Dulcken, and which is to be introduced by her in his second concerto on Tuesday next. I have heard of a steam-boat going to a certain place direct, and of hampers of wine sent direct; but a travelling, or transmitted Cadenza I have never had the luck to hear of before. I forgot to mention in my theatrical notice that our spirited manager, Mr. Calcraft, brought out the operas, as regards the *mise en scene*, scenery, dresses, &c., with exceeding care. The procession was splendidly managed. You shall have more news next week. Yours ever,

C. R.

[Our correspondent seems not to understand entirely the meaning of the word *Cadenza*, as applied in the announcement of Madame Dulcken's forthcoming performance at the Dublin Philharmonic; nor does he seem to read aright the paragraph in the journal which gave the statement. The part of the paragraph alluded to is as follows:—

"We understand Mad. Dulcken has just received, direct from Germany,

a new Cadenza, full of new and beautiful passages, for Dr. Mendelssohn's second concert, written expressly for her by the author, and which will be performed for the first time in public at the concert of this society on Tuesday next."

A *cadenza* in a concerto is a very different thing from a *cadenza* in a vocal *morceau*. It is a brilliant development of some motive of the concerto, and is written so as to employ the executive power of the pianist to the greatest advantage. From the intimacy existing between Madame Dulcken and Dr. Mendelssohn, we have no doubt that the *cadenza* was written expressly by the great composer for the fair pianist.—Ed. M. W.]

THE AFFINITIES,

from the German of Goethe.

Continued from page 104.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.

Moved by this occurrence, and by the conversation to which it had given rise, they went the next day to the place of burial, for the decoration and enlivening of which the architect had already made many a felicitous proposal. He was also to extend his cares to the church, a building which had attracted his attention from the first.

This church had stood for many centuries. It was a specimen of the German art and manner, built in due proportion, and decorated in a becoming style. One could easily discern that the builder of a neighbouring convent had, with judgment and love of the work, displayed his talent in this little building also, which always had a pleasing and solemn effect on the beholder, although the new disposition of the interior, in accordance with the Protestant form of worship, had deprived the edifice of somewhat of its majesty and repose.

The architect found no difficulty in obtaining from Charlotte a moderate sum, with which he intended to improve both the outside and inside of the church, and bring it more into harmony with the cemetery. He was himself an adept in manual labour, and some of the workmen, who had been employed on the summer-house, were readily retained until this pious work was finished also.

While they were occupied in examining the building with all its appurtenances, there appeared, to the great astonishment and delight of the architect, a little inner-chapel, which had almost passed unnoticed, and the style of which was still more ingenious and light than that of the church, while the ornaments were more pleasing and elaborate. It contained, moreover, several carved and painted relics of that older form of worship, which knew so well how to mark the different festivals with curious pictures and utensils, every one of them in a manner peculiar to itself.

The architect was obliged to include this chapel in his plan, with the special purpose of making this limited space a monument of former times, and the taste which prevailed in them. He had already thought of adorning the empty spaces in the vaults according to his own fancy, pleased with the opportunity of showing his talent as a painter; but, for the present, he kept his intention a secret from the other inmates of the house.

In the first place, according to his promise, he showed the ladies his different copies and sketches of ancient monuments, vessels, and other things of a similar kind, and the conversation being directed to the simple grave-hillocks of the northern people, he brought forward his collection of the various weapons and implements which had been found in them. He had all these things very cleanly and portably arranged in drawers and compartments, upon boards covered with cloth, so that old and solemn as they were, they derived something of smartness from his method of keeping them, and might be looked on just as pleasantly as the box of a dealer in fashions. Now he had once begun the work of exhibiting them, as the solitude needed some diversion, he made a practice of bringing out a portion of his treasures every evening. They were chiefly of German origin, consisting of bracteates, solid arms, seals, and other things of the sort. All of them directed the imagination to an earlier period, and as the architect illustrated his entertainment with the earliest attempts at printing and wood-cutting, and the oldest copper-plates, while the church every day, in accordance with his design, approached both in colour and ornament to the character of antiquity, the whole party had frequently to ask themselves whether they really were

living in modern times—whether it was not a dream that they were thus tarrying among other manners, habits, and modes of life and conviction.

In this respect, a large portfolio, which the architect at last produced, had an excellent effect. It contained, for the most part, mere sketches, but as these had been actually traced upon the originals, they perfectly retained their antique character, which gave the greatest delight to the spectators. From all the different forms peered forth the purest state of existence, and they were forced to acknowledge that all were good, if not in the noblest style. A cheerful disposition, a willing acknowledgment of something to be revered above us, a quiet resignation in love and hope were expressed in every face and gesture. The old man with his bald head, the boy with his flowing locks, the cheerful youth, the earnest man, the transfigured saint, the soaring angel, all seemed happy in innocent contentment and pious expectation. The commonest event had in it a touch of heavenly life, and an act of worship seemed suitable to their very nature.

To such a region most of them looked as to a golden age that had passed—a lost paradise. Perhaps Ottilia alone felt herself among congenial beings.

Who could have resisted, when the architect offered to paint the spaces between the arches of the chapel, after these figures, and thus to leave a memorial in a place where he had spent so happy a time. He stated his views on this subject with some degree of melancholy, for he could see from the very nature of affairs, that his sojourn in so perfect a society could not last for ever; nay, that perhaps it would be brought to a speedy termination.

Altogether these days were not rich in events, but they afforded abundant occasions for serious conversation. We, therefore take the opportunity of communicating some of the remarks which Ottilia noted down in her diary, to which we can find no better introduction than a simile which was forced upon us, as we contemplated her charming leaves.

We have heard of a peculiar arrangement in the English navy. All the ropes of the royal fleet, from the strongest to the slightest, are so spun, that a red thread goes through the whole, which cannot be taken out without undoing the entire rope, and which allows it to be seen, even in the smallest pieces, that they belong to the crown.

Thus through Ottilia's diary, there is a thread of inclination and attachment which at once unites and marks the whole. Hence these remarks, reflections, extracted aphorisms, and whatever there is of the sort, have quite a peculiar importance, when considered with respect to the writer. Every single passage selected and communicated by us will sufficiently testify this fact.

EXTRACTS FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY.

To rest hereafter by those whom we love is the pleasantest anticipation which man can form, if he looks beyond the present life. "To be collected to one's own"—that is such a feeling expression!

There are several kinds of monuments and testimonials to bring nearer to us that which is remote or has departed; but none are so important as the portrait. The portrait of a beloved person, even when unlike, has a charm about it, just as it is oftentimes pleasing to dispute with a friend. We feel in a pleasant manner that we are two, and yet cannot be severed.

We often behave to an individual actually present as if he were a portrait. He need not speak to us, look at us, or trouble himself about us. We see him, we feel our relation to him, a relation which, perhaps, may grow closer, without anything being done by him,—without his ever feeling that he is to us no more than a portrait.

We are never satisfied with the portraits of those we know. On this account I have always pitied portrait-painters. We very seldom exact from people an impossibility, and yet we do it in this very case. They have to include in their picture the person's relation to others, his inclination and disinclination. They are not only to show their own conception of a man, but the way in which every one else may conceive him. I am not surprised that artists of this class gradually become obdurate, indifferent, and obstinate. This would be of little importance, if we were not in consequence deprived of the likenesses of many persons who are dear to us.

The architect's collection of weapons and old implements, which, together with the body, were covered with lofty mounds of earth and pieces of rock, show how useless are all the precautions of man, to preserve his personality after death. Such contradictory beings are we! The architect confesses that he himself opened such graves of our forefathers, and then proceeds to busy himself with monuments for posterity.

But after all, why should we be so now? Is everything that we do, done for nothing? Do we not put on in the morning, what we again take off in the evening? Do we not travel, for the sake of returning? And why should we not wish to slumber by our own, even if only for a century?

If we see the many sunken tomb-stones, trodden down by the church-goers, as well as the churches themselves that have themselves fallen down on the graves, the life after death appears to us as a sort of second life, which begins with the portrait, or super-scription, and which lasts longer than the proper living life. But even this second life becomes, sooner or later, extinct. Time will not be deprived of its rights with either monuments or men.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXII.

I HAVE read many tales of deepest woe,
Of agonies that snapp'd the heart in twain—
Of griefs that gnaw'd away the madden'd brain,—
And I, perchance, have heard a sigh or so.
I've read too of a hell where wretches go,
Through halls, with glitt'ring treasures heap'd in vain,
Because their heart is writhing with the pain
Of flames infernal, in the breast that glow.
But little dream'd I that on me would fall
This with'ring curse, that plainly shows to me
How sadly true those wondrous legends are.
Now I know all—the scorching heart—all—all
The grasp that will not let its victim go—
The darkness—leave me not, my only star.

N. D.

CONCERTS.

MR. GEORGE MARSHALL.—This professor gave his first practical lecture on the art of singing to an attentive audience, on Monday, at the Music-Hall, Store-street. The syllabus of the lecture was divided into the following heads:—

1. The Human Voice superior to every Instrument of mechanical invention—2. The necessity of cultivation, to produce both tone and expression—3. Nationality of Instruction, and its good effects in Germany—4. Elementary observations—5. Disadvantages under which the English singing-master has to labour—6. Importance of studying where the breath should be taken in singing, and a singular mistake illustrated by the neglect of it.

The lecture, which was sensible and instructive, was rendered musically interesting by a diversity of apt illustrations. In speaking of *respiration*, Mr. Marshall gave an instance of its proper use in Knapton's ballad "There be none of Beauty's daughters." This is an insipid and worthless composition,* but it served the lecturer's purpose exceedingly well. A much more agreeable illustration was that of *expression*, most fitly illustrated by Sterndale Bennett's exquisitely pathetic canzonet "To Chloe in sickness," (from his "Six Songs," published by Coventry and Hollier.) The points of ornament (its abuse) and of pronunciation (its importance) were illustrated by two very poor compositions, J. P. Knight's "Go, forget me," and Miss Davis's "Ruth." Poor as they are, however, they served Mr. Marshall's turn, and helped to render his meaning clear. Much more pleasing were some illustrations from the compositions of Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Macfarren. Altogether

* The same words have been beautifully set by two composers, a German and an Englishman—Mendelssohn and T. M. Mudie.

the lecture was both interesting and instructive, and its design and execution were highly creditable to Mr. Marshall. The audience were evidently pleased, and the entertainment concluded at an early hour.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The Sixth Concert of the season was given at this place on Tuesday the 9th instant. The vocal performers were Madame Albertazzi, Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Lockey, and the Messrs. H. Phillips and Lockey. The instrumentalists comprised Mr. Thirlwall, (violin), Mr. Chitty, (organ), and Mr. Maurice Davies, (piano). Madame Albertazzi gave a *scena* of Verdi's, the finale to *Cenerentola*, took part in a duet of Mozart's with Mr. H. Phillips, and sang the favourite Irish ballad, "Terence's Farewell." The fair vocalist was more at home in the Italian than the Irish music. We have heard the ballad, "Terence's Farewell," so exquisitely rendered by another fair singer* on many occasions, that we could not but feel a sensible difference, as it was given by Madame Albertazzi. Ballad singing is a far greater art than many are led to imagine, and requires a delicate appreciation and great vocal capabilities, while the bravura, the cavatina, and such like *morceaux* of the Italian school, demand, for the most part, brilliancy of execution and vigour of expression. Madame Albertazzi was far more successful in the cavatina from *Cenerentola* than in the Irish ballad, and sang it with great effect. Mrs. A. Newton added considerably to the attraction of the evening. She gave Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark" in a manner that exhibited the facility and power of her voice, and sang two ballads which elicited great applause. This lady appears in high favour with the audience of Beaumont Square. Miss Lockey introduced a song of Miss Cowell's, another of Benedict's and one of Moore's Melodies, all excellently rendered. Mr. Lockey and Mr. H. Phillips varied the entertainments with vocal performances of different characters. The former gentleman gave a very pretty serenade of Hatton's, "The Silver Moon is keeping Watch," deliciously. We hope to see Mr. Lockey ere long transferred from the concert-room to the stage. He would become, we are assured, with a little practice, an inestimable addition to our present operatic corps. Mr. H. Phillips's descriptive transatlantic *scena*, "The Prairie on Fire," was loudly applauded. In addition to the pieces we have named, there were sundry songs, duets, &c., which call for no particular notice. Mr. Thirlwall's violin performance received its due meed of approval at the hands of the auditors. A "Grand Duo Brillante," of Benedict and De Beriot, for violin and piano, was executed with spirit by him and Mr. Maurice Davies, the latter-named gentleman really surprising us by his improvement in style and execution. The performances concluded with the overture to *Tancredi* on the organ, very well executed by Mr. Chitty, though little adapted for that instrument. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted all the vocal pieces and performed his task most effectively. The hall was very well filled.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S First Classical Soirée took place at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Thursday evening, and was fully and fashionably attended. This concert deserves the most especial notice from us, both as regards the materials of the programme and the mode in which the entertainment was conducted. There is nothing more absurd than the manner in which concert-givers spin out their schemes, fancying that those who pay cannot have too much for their money, and that they convey pleasure to their audiences in

the direct ratio of the length of the programme. There is no greater fallacy existing. A brief entertainment which consists of the best selection of music, will invariably afford more gratification than a long, drawing concert, however it may be diversified with excellencies. This more particularly applies to the class of entertainments to which the Soirée, given at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday night, belongs. Mr. Lindsay Sloper has set an example to all who provide entertainments for the public, which we have no doubt will be speedily followed. His Concert commenced at half-past eight, and was over at a quarter-past ten. There was no division of the entertainment into parts, but all progressed to the end without a break. The consequence was that every individual remained to the end, and no one felt the least fatigue or ennui, the invariable results of those Alexandrine music evenings which are as much in vogue, and every bit as tedious, as long Thursdays at the Opera. With respect to the programme of Mr. Sloper's concert, which we annex, our readers will perceive that a more admirable selection it was impossible to make:—

Fantasia for two performers on one pianoforte, Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper; *W. A. Mozart*. Selection from the Suites de Pièces, Handel, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Sicilienne, "Ogni pena," Pergolesi, Miss Dolby. Sonata, (Op. 29, No. 2), *L. van Beethoven*, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Song, "The Fairy's Reproach," Lindsay Sloper, Miss Dolby, (words by Sir Bulwer Lytton). Prelude in A flat major, from Op. 35, and Study in F minor, Mendelssohn, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (Op. 70, No. 2), *L. van Beethoven*, Messrs. Willy, Rousselot, and Lindsay Sloper.

The fantasia of Mozart was very finely performed, the fugged *allegro* of the first and last movements affording each artist an admirable vehicle for the exhibition of his powers. The selection from the *Suites des Pièces* was very happy, especially the *allemande*, and *adagio and fugue*, the execution of which, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, was received with earnest applause. Indeed we have rarely heard a more brilliant performance than the very difficult, and, at the same time, very exquisite fugue of the great master, interpreted by this gentleman. The "Sicilienne" of old Pergolesi is very quaint and beautiful. It was charmingly sung by Miss Dolby. The sonata of Beethoven, it is needless to say, is one of the grandest efforts of the master. It was the great feature of the entertainment, whether we look to the composition or the performance. Mr. Lindsay Sloper seemed to feel every note of the great author in its intense meaning, and produced a great effect by his very fine interpretation of this sublime work. Mr. Sloper's song, an expressive and spirited composition, was so well given by Miss Dolby, as to be entitled to a unanimous encore. Mendelssohn's fine prelude (from his Six Preludes and Fugues, published by Addison and Hodson) and his Study (from the "Études de Perfectionnement," published by Chappell) exhibited in another mode the excellence of Mr. Sloper's playing. The magnificent trio of Beethoven, extremely well played, concluded one of the very best entertainments of the kind which we ever attended.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—We attended the fourth meeting of the present season of the Choral Harmonists, at the London Tavern, on Monday night. In the first part we heard a composition which we seldom have an opportunity of hearing performed anywhere complete, namely, the Litany in B flat, by Mozart. The chorus, "Pignus Futuræ," which occurs in it, is well known by all amateurs, but the remaining portion of the composition, equally grand and effective, is seldom, we might be justified in saying, *never* produced by our choral societies. Besides this, we had the "Dixit Dominus," of Romberg. The performance of these

* Miss Dolby.

two works is sufficient to justify us in pronouncing this society one of the foremost in the good cause; but in undertaking to present to our city friends the "Walpurgis Nacht" of Mendelssohn, we are willing to accord them the highest amount of praise. As if not satisfied with giving us these we had, further, Mozart's delicious buffo song from the *Seraglio*, so well sung by Mr. Machin, as to command an encore—Mendelssohn's song, "Auf dem Wasser," sung charmingly by Miss Dolby, for whom it was written by the composer—the "Song of the Savoyard," by the same, equally well sung, by Miss Dolby; and a Benedictus for a tenor voice, composed by Miss Masson, sung by a young lady from the Academy. With the addition of Boyce's old-fashioned air from his *Solomon*, "Softly rise," remarkable only for the chaste manner in which it was sung by Mr. Lockey, and Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey sucking bees," we have named every piece in the programme. Were we disposed to be critical on this occasion we should like to have heard about twenty more violins in Mendelssohn's overture, and a little more light and shade observable throughout the composition. It is, however, but doing Mr. Westrop justice to add that endeavours were manifest in the singing of the chorus to produce such effects as were intended by the composer, and interpreted by the talented conductor. The band, led by Mr. Dando, performed its task on the whole well. Miss Lockey, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin, were the principal singers. Miss Lockey sang the portion allotted to her with her usual good taste. Miss Dolby, a favourite everywhere, seems to be entirely among her own friends at these concerts, and whether feeling so she exerts herself with her usual kind disposition to enhance their pleasure we know not, but we certainly think that we never hear her sing better than when at the London Tavern. In conclusion, we say "Go on and prosper." A few such societies as the Choral Harmonists scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land would do much towards the development of the "materiel," which we have always advocated exists in England, but which from various causes lies hidden.—*From a Correspondent.*

EXETER HALL.—The performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society on Thursday was miscellaneous. In the first part there was Handel's overture to Esther; his Coronation Anthem, "The king shall rejoice," composed for the coronation of George the Second, in 1727; Mozart's celebrated Service, No. 12; and the Hymn, "Alia Trinita Beata." The second part consisted of Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum." Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Phillips elicited an encore by the chaste manner in which they sang the hymn, "Alia Trinita Beata," one of the "Laudi Spirituali," a collection of ancient Italian melodies, dating as far back as the twelfth century. Dr. Burney considers these hymns to be the most ancient melodies extant. Mozart's splendid Service was the most complete and excellent performance of the evening. The soloists and choir were equally to be commended, and the band did its duty efficiently. The horn parts in the "Benedictus" were beautifully played. The "Dettingen Te Deum" occupied the whole of the second part, but its performance was less satisfactory than that of Mozart's Service. Mr. Genge, who sung the alto part throughout, acquitted himself with much talent. The other vocalists were excellent. Mr. Phillips sang his air capably, and the trumpet *obligato* of Mr. T. Harper was deserving of the applause it elicited. The Hall was well attended. The next concert is announced for the 4th of March, when will be performed a selection of anthems and cathedral music, including compositions by Gibbons, Purcell, Wise, Blow, Creighton, Croft, Weldon, Greene, Robinson, Boyce, Kent, &c., ranging from 1610 to 1795, concluding with Mendelssohn's "Te Deum," composed last year. Handel's Oratorio, "Belshazzar," will be performed, or the first time, by the Society, on Friday, March 19.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—A very crowded audience assembled at this theatre on Monday, to hear Mr. W. V. Wallace's new opera, *Matilda of Hungary*, which had been announced for that night several days previously in the bills. The greatest excitement prevailed respecting the second operatic composition of the talented author of the successful *Maritana*, and the theatre in consequence was filled long before the time fixed for the commencement of the performance, which was stated to be a quarter to seven. The hour arrived, and the band were in the orchestra, and the audience were on the tenter, or tenderhooks of expectation, and the *entrée* of the conductor, in the person of the composer, was breathlessly awaited, and the whole house was mute with suspense. But five minutes elapsed, and five minutes more, and it was eight, and still no appearance of the opera being about to commence. The foot-lights were still down. Eight o'clock passed, and five minutes past eight, and ten minutes past eight, and then the multitude seemed to be all at the same time moved as with one fear.

"At length one whispered his companion, who whispered another." And so the fear was sent round from ear to ear, and out they spoke at last for Bunn and Wallace. After some minutes of general groans, hisses, yells, oh's, and mingled applauses, Mr. Bunn stalked dolefully on the stage, followed by Mr. Wallace, who crawled lugubriously behind, both evidently in a moral fix. They were received with great applause, sprinkled with a small drizzling shower of sibilations. Mr. Bunn having waited some time till there was a lull in the storm, thus addressed the audience—"Ladies and gentlemen, in the whole course of my professional administration, I never stood before you on so distressing an occasion as I do at the present moment. Seven minutes before the usual time for the raising of the curtain this paper was put into my hand, the certificate of a medical gentleman, intimating the utter impossibility of Miss Romer appearing before you this evening from sudden indisposition. (Great sensation.) In such an afflicting state of things what can I do? I throw myself completely on your kindness. I cannot think for one moment of sacrificing the magnificent work of my highly talented friend (pointing to Mr. Wallace) by mutilation; and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that more care and expense have been lavished upon the production of this opera, than were ever before laid out on any entertainment at Drury Lane. In such a state of things what am I to do? Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, trusting to the liberality you have always shown me, and confiding in my own humble endeavours, exerted on all occasions to merit your best favours, I demand of you what I am to do?" The audience having uttered no response to the manager's interrogatory, he continued. "All that we can do, shall be done. To such as are not willing to remain for the performance we shall provide, their money shall be returned, or tickets given them for the next representation of Mr. Wallace's opera. Ladies and gentlemen, *I will be just, if you will be generous.*" This pithy sentence was received with great cheers, and Mr. Bunn again demanded of the audience what they would require? An immediate call was made for the overture, to which Mr. Bunn replied, that the overture would be given with pleasure; and allowing Mr. Wallace to jump from the stage into the orchestra, Mr. Bunn made his bow and disappeared. The overture was listened to with the greatest attention, and was tremendously applauded, barely escaping an encore, and Mr. Wallace left his post. What was to come next was the natural question that arose to every lip. After some delay, the uproar was about to recommence, when Mr. Harley made his appearance, amid a tempest of conflict-

ing displays of feeling. It was long ere he could be heard. At last he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am requested by Mr. Bunn to express his sincere gratitude for the kind manner in which you have received"—the rest of the sentence was drowned in shouts of laughter, groans, and inarticulate murmurs of disapprobation. Mr. Harley stood for several minutes exposed to the hail-storm, confronting it like a sturdy oak. At last he found an opportunity to acquaint the audience that the *Bondman* would be given, and that Miss Messent would undertake Miss Romer's part, adding, that any lady or gentleman who was dissatisfied with the proposed entertainment, by leaving an address at the door, would receive a ticket for the first performance of the new opera. Mr. Harley then withdrew, whereupon ensued such an uproar as we have not witnessed since the great Tamburini row at the Opera. The first act and part of the second act of the *Bondman* were performed without a note being heard. Meanwhile, the house began to thin, and the malcontents having expended a vast deal of breath to no purpose, quietly gave in, and the remainder of the *Bondman* was listened to with great attention. Of the performance we can only notice the very efficient substitute Miss Messent made for Miss Romer. In some respects she sang capitally, and had she been as well up in the third act, as she seemed to be in the other two, we should have felt no loss from the absence of the *prima donna assoluta*. Miss Messent received great applause, and the audience displayed the best possible taste in extending its indulgence to her in the latter portion of the opera, in which she was evidently not prepared. She was called for at the end, and obtained the unanimous approbation of the house. The opera was followed by the new ballet, *The Pretty Sicilian*, in which the fascinating *danseuse*, Mademoiselle Baderna, exhibited her very superior artistic powers, and won the greatest applause. This charming *artiste* bids fair before long to win the highest laurels in her profession. She is yet very young, but nature has done every thing for her, and she requires time only to perfect her in the highest branches of her art. We fervently hope that no accident will prevent the production of Mr. Wallace's opera on Monday next, for which evening it is announced in the bills and advertisements.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday, we saw Mademoiselle Clarisse in a part to which she does so much justice, which she renders so interesting, and in which her talent is seen to such advantage, that we were quite taken by surprise, and now frankly acknowledge that we had much underrated her talents. We had conceded to her great praise for the energy, tenderness, and feeling, which she has thrown into the parts allotted her; but a light broke upon us on seeing her outburst, in the fifth act of the *Docteur Noir*, in favour of her injured husband, that she was a great tragic actress at the same time; and we were further confirmed in this opinion on Monday night. Not that Mademoiselle Clarisse could embody the grand conceptions of Racine or Corneille, where the heroine represents a type of the highest poetical order: her emotions are those of a somewhat inferior rank, of those that appeal to the heart, but not the less sublime on that account. We would not have her struggling against the immutable decrees of fate like Antigone or Hermione, or divided between two of the deepest emotions which the soul is susceptible of conceiving, a brother's and a lover's love, like Camille in *Les Horaces*; but the sacred feelings of maternal attachment are rendered by her in a manner, if not ideal, at least so natural in their unrefined simplicity, the unity of character is so well preserved throughout, the maternal love of the uneducated simple woman is so energetically portrayed, that we feel the conviction forced home upon us that she is the greatest actress of the present day in this branch of the drama. The piece by Messieurs. Denery and Mallian is well imagined and carefully written, the sentiments conveyed are strictly moral, and the language is not redundant of that magniloquent bombast which distinguishes most of the productions of the Porte St. Martin. All the feelings called into action are natural and true, and these are made subservient to the proposed end without infringing on the most prudent delicacy. A mother's love for her child—this is the whole of the story; her marriage, her struggles against poverty, her devotion to her offspring, her toils by day and by night, her indignation against her husband's bad conduct, not on her own account, no! she could suffer neglect and hunger and privations of all sorts, but her child! her every idea, every thought is concentrated in him, her child must not suffer, he *must* be nurtured and cared for, he must live; she is patient and enduring for herself,

but when her child is in jeopardy she boldly stands forth and dares her husband face to face, she rises against the richest and most powerful of the land, she is not to be put down by the most fiendish villany or bought over by the most alluring promises of wealth, no, no, her child is herself, a thousand times more than herself; how much she has suffered for it, alas! none can tell; how every torture, every anguish undergone on account of her child has increased her love for it; she knows, but does not stay to enumerate or describe how each successive torment, as it in succession falls upon her, lacerates her soul, increases her maternal sorrows, and proves to demonstration that she cannot be more miserable, and how happy she was or should have been before the last stroke fell upon her devoted head. How grateful she ought to have been in the midst of all her misery! she had him near her, was not that sufficient? How poignant her grief on parting with him to deposit him at the asylum of the Rue d'Enfer, the hospital for *enfants trouvés*. Yet how consoling to know he was alive and properly cared for! How violent her anguish when she finds he has been stolen! yet she hopes to find him again; but when she does find him and is accused of madness, then her soul can bear no further torture, for she is led to doubt that her child ever existed, the paroxysm is at its height. These are the details, such is Marie Jeanne, *la femme du peuple*. If this be not a grand conception we frankly own we are at a loss to conceive what is. If this be not written according to the best models in dramatic literature, we never saw a play that was; and Mademoiselle Clarisse has done her part ample justice in its most minute details; she has created a type, a character, and this is the peculiar attribute of genius. We shall now enter upon what may be called the machinery of the piece. Two marriages have taken place—the one between Sophie and the Count de Bussières, a marriage arranged by the friends and parents where money and rank play the principal part, where the real cement which alone can make such unions desirable and binding—love—is totally wanting, in short, it is a marriage of *convenance* as the French term it, a sort of absolute axiom, a rule of inverse proportion where the parties are united because they have none of the ingredients to render each other happy. The other marriage is one of inclination, the stock of trade of both being nothing to begin with and no hope of anything in perspective. Marie Jeanne loves her husband and the latter respects and loves his wife; but he is of that easy nature alike applicable to good or evil at the will of the agent. He is unfortunately swayed by a friend, a bon enfant, as he is commonly termed, who entices him away from his work, and makes a spendthrift and a drunkard of him. The consequence is ruin to his wife and the most hopeless poverty at home, whilst all his earnings are spent with his joyous companions at the public-house. Poor Marie Jeanne toils to support her child, night and day, and has hoarded up a sum of thirty francs to pay the nurse, the doctor having expressed his decided opinion that the life of her child is dependent on its being properly nourished. In an unlucky hour the husband finds her treasure and appropriates it to himself. The despair is great on discovering the robber, and she is obliged, as a last resource, to carry her child to the Foundling Hospital. The Countess de Bussières in the meanwhile, now a widow, has also a child out to nurse, but it dies; and Appiani, her doctor, is endeavouring to supply its place by another child, in order to win the mother's affection, and thus make her believe he has saved it from the very jaws of death. By chance he overhears the reproaches of Marie Jeanne to her husband before the Foundling Hospital, and having noted down the description of the signs which she gives him by which he may recognise his son, he enters the hospital and obtains possession of the infant, which he substitutes as the young Count de Bussières. Marie Jeanne has been recommended to the Countess as a good needle-woman, and after the discovery of the loss of her child whom she had gone to reclaim under promise of the Countess's protection, returns to the hotel, and having succeeded, in spite of the doctor, in seeing the infant count, she discovers it is her own son. She immediately claims him, and then it is the doctor pronounces her mad. She is instantly conveyed to a private mad-house by the directions of Appiani, who endeavours to corrupt the doctor; but the latter is too clear-sighted to be imposed upon, and after an effective interview between Marie Jeanne and her husband, in which she becomes convinced that she is not mad, the doctor of the mad-house sets her free. The next act takes place at the country house of the Countess, at Antreil, where she is about to marry Appiani out of gratitude to him for having saved the life of her infant son; but the *dénouement* of course is marred by his rival, Théobald de Bussières, who is an old lover of the Countess's, even before her marriage; and an hour before the ceremony takes place, when he is congratulating himself on the success of his plans, Marie Jeanne arrives, and is surprised by him in the nursery contemplating her lost child. He threatens to murder her if she does not retire, but she is firm; and just as he is about to execute his purpose, Bertrand her husband arrives, accompanied by Théobald and Rémy, the old companion of Bertrand, and who had been commissioned by Appiani to procure him a child, and whose secrecy he had bought by a promise of six thousand francs on the day of his marriage, but who had betrayed him on a promise of ten thousand from the other party. All the personages are now assembled, and justice is meted out to all. Marie Jeanne obtains her infant, the husband and wife are fully reconciled, the Countess weeps for her son, and Théobald has hope that his suit will at last be successful; Appiani is handed over to the tender mercies of the *gens-d'armes*. We may here mention the principal scenes in which Madlle Clarisse was so eminently successful. When she discovers the loss of the money she had saved for her infant son, and when she deposits him on the turning machine of the *enfants trouvés*, her grief was heart-rending, full of wailing lamentations and anguish; she faints away when the infant disappears, and her husband awakened from his intoxicating sleep, stumbles over her; he raises her from the ground; but when she discovers that it is he, the author of all her misfortunes, she

curséd him in the bitterness of her grief; here the acting was at times sublimely pathetic and grand; in vain he pleads for mercy, she is obdurate, for she has lost her child. Then again her gratitude, speechless but deep-felt, when the Countess orders her to reclaim her infant, was most affecting; her ravings at his loss, her joy at finding him again, her horror at being accused of madness, were well conceived, and produced a deep sensation. Her reconciliation with her husband was a good, natural piece of acting as well as her last scene where she says to the Countess, "*Je vous ennuie, donnez-moi ma vie, Madame; mais mon fils, c'était impossible.*" In short we have rarely seen a better piece, and certainly no living actress could have played the principal part so well. Messrs. Langeval and Duméry also played the parts of Bertrand and Remy in the most satisfactory manner. The evening's entertainments terminated by *L'Auberge des Adrets*, in which Mr. Frederick Lemaître was as unctuous as ever. We must not forget to mention that Mlle. Clarisse was called for and most enthusiastically applauded and cheered at the end of the fourth act and also after the piece. The house was crowded in every part, and was the best we have seen this year. On Thursday the *Mystères de Paris* was given, but we must defer our notice until next week.

J. DE C—E.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*The Uxbridge Polka*," composed by G. H. LAKE. ADDISON AND HODSON.

This is a nice Polka, and though not particularly original, is well written, and the tune is well preserved in the changes. It is in the key of F, and presents no difficulties whatsoever to the pianist. The Uxbridge Polka will find many admirers among the *danceuses* of the saloons, fashionable and semi-fashionable, &c., &c.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The sixth meeting for the season of the Gentleman's Glee Club was held in the Club-room of the Albion Hotel on the evening of Thursday week. The vocalists were, Mrs. Sunderland (soprano), Mrs. Winterbottom (contralto), and the Messrs. Wainwright, Bellhouse (chairman of the society), Barlow, Isherwood, J. Isherwood, and J. J. Jones. The glees sung on this occasion were, Bishop's "Blow, gentle gales," and "When winds breathe soft," and Calcott's "With sighs, sweet rose." The solo and chorus from *Galatea*, "Heart, the seat of soft delight," and "Galatea, dry thy tears," were also given. The finale from Balfe's *Enchantress* concluded a concert that gave universal satisfaction.

PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. H. A. Lambeth gave a concert on Thursday evening, which was patronised by the Hon. Lady Pakenham. Mr. Lambeth is a pianist of great talent; he succeeds equally well in the compositions of the great masters as in the light effusions of the present day. The Misses Williams and Mr. John Parry sang a variety of songs, and were repeatedly encored. Solos, &c., were performed by Messrs. Lucas and Case on the violoncello, violin, and concertina. The concert afforded the highest gratification.

DORCHESTER.—The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert of the present session on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. A sinfonia of Haydn's, overtures by Rossini and Auber, and a grand fantasia by Mrs. Bonifas and Mr. Smith, comprised the instrumental portion. Songs, glees, &c., were sung by Messrs. Harper, Smith, Patch, Keats, Dawe, Warren, and Miss Patton. The room was crowded, and the concert gave the highest satisfaction.

LEICESTER.—Mr. H. Russell gave one of a series of concerts last week, which, we are happy to say, was well attended. The audience was delighted with his admirable nigger anecdotes and imitations. The celebrated Scotch vocalist, Mr. Wilson, gave "a night w' Burns," at our theatre, on Tuesday evening. The programme embraced some of the finest productions of the celebrated poet. We are happy to say the concert was well attended.

CHELTENHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss LE GRICE, pupil of M. Cianchetti, gave a concert on Friday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, which was very fashionably attended. This young lady made a very successful début last December, at M. Cianchetti's concert, in Thalberg's *Del tuo Stellato Saglio* fantasia. Since that she has been in London, and performed once at the Royal Academy of Music, where she was honoured with the approbation of Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Cipriani Potter, and some other distinguished professors, whose opinions may be trusted. The fair *bénéficiaire* was assisted on the present occasion by Mrs. Croft and Miss Taylor, as vocalists; the celebrated young harpist, Mr. T. G. Taylor, who performed two of his best compositions; and her master, M. Cianchetti, who officiated as conductor. Miss Le Grice was uncommonly well received in all her performances, which were—Liszt's famous *Hexameron*, J. B. Cramer's elegant *Andante* and *Bravura* variations in c. (op. 61), Beethoven's celebrated Op. 53, and Cianchetti's Op. 48—but especially in Beethoven's. Her execution is remarkably brilliant, and her expression very refined and truly classical. If she has any glaring fault, it is that of too much excitement at times—a noble

fault, it must be admitted, and of which she will get the better sooner or later. She is only seventeen; therefore she has plenty of time before her, if she will make the best use of it. Mr. and Mrs. Croft were as successful as ever, and so was Miss Taylor in Rossini's *Elena*, *oh! fu* and Beethoven's matchless *Adelaide*, which will always be a standing favourite. Indeed this concert gave universal satisfaction.

DUBLIN.—Thursday and Friday last Madame Anna Bishop performed at the Theatre Royal, with immense effect, the part of Amina, in *La Sonnambula*; and if we were delighted in listening to her admirable singing in the *Maid of Artois*, we were astonished at the impressive manner and purity of style with which she interpreted Bellini's beautiful opera. She is, in truth, a great artist, and nothing could be more perfect than her wonderful vocalisation in her first cavatina, "Dearest Companions." Her last scene was also very fine, and Madame Anna Bishop surpassed herself in the favorite *rondo finale*, which was demanded by the enraptured audience three times. After the fall of the curtain cries for "La Bishop" being loud and long, the fair vocalist made her appearance, and with winning and lady-like demeanour, evinced her appreciation of the good taste and kindness of the audience. Saturday, by the wish of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and family, the opera of *The Maid of Artois* was repeated with great effect; on that occasion the house was crowded, and besides the noble party above mentioned there was a great number of our nobility. On to night will be produced the comic opera of the *Love Spell*; the English version of Donizetti's *L'Elisir D'Amore*, the part of Adina by Madame Bishop.—*The Pilot*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.—(From the *Daily Sun*, Jan. 1.)—Sivori gave his Farewell Concert on Wednesday evening last, to one of the most discriminating, tasteful, crowded, and fashionable audiences, that have yet greeted with enthusiastic applause the magic of his lyre; and the rapture they evinced was but a just response to the power of the performer, to draw from the violin those melting, touching and wonderful melodies, for which he is so deservedly celebrated. Strains of music such as issue from this gifted artist—the rich gush of melody, that warbles like a bird, or sighs like the moaning winds through groves of citron—at one time sweeping with the power of the full orchestra—and at another, swelling into the clouds, there to mingle with gentler tones that die away into distant echoes, mellowed by the delicious modulations of sentiment and fancy—must be heard to be appreciated, and once heard, must always be enjoyed—for the memory of their sweetness lives in the soul, with the burning brightness of the light of happier days. It was in this spirit, that Sivori executed 'The Grand Concerto'—and that transcendently sweet 'Adagio and Rondo,' composed by Paganini. The DUET with Noronha, was admirably executed by that artist, who only requires to be more known, to take a high rank in his divine profession. But the masterpiece 'the *Carnival of Venice*'—bore off the palm—at once so difficult of execution—so full of contrast and character—portraying every passion—every humour—every motion of joy—every burst of merriment—gay and lugubrious—now laughing with Punch—now joking with Judy—so droll—yet so sentimental and finished—this piece was performed by Sivori in a style only to be excelled by his great master Paganini; and he alone of all the masters of the violin, could take precedence of Sivori, for the masterly command of his bow—and the perfect lightning-like velocity of his fingering, at once so delicate, scientific, and touching, are only excelled by those flashes of fancy, which he dashes off as impromptu variations, exciting equal surprise and delight, amidst repeated showers of applause. Never did an audience appear more transported with pleasure. Miss Northall executed her songs with her usual skill and science—full of feeling and sweetness. Her 'Ave Maria,' was a delicious banquet of melody in the hands of the Priestess of Song. Even now, we hear its mellifluous melody. Signor De Begnis was not the least of the admired performers, who made this Concert one of the most sumptuous musical banquets of the season. He extorted rapturous ap-

plause by his masterly execution of the 'Mad Musician.' His rich vein of humour, and his highly cultivated taste, throw a lustre over his performances that flash vivacity into every bosom. He is, in fact, the life and soul of a classical concert; and always tends to produce that great result of such pleasing exhibitions, the diffusion of a musical taste, and the increase of the votaries who imbibe enjoyment at this innocent fountain.—[We have given the above without altering or omitting a word. It is a capital specimen of Yankee criticism. Were the writer to come and settle in England, the *Morning Post* would engage him incontinent, at anything per line he pleased.—ED.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "Douglas Jerrold's Journal."

"THE MUSINGS OF A MUSICIAN."

SIR,—You do me the honour to appeal to me as to whether the opinions you entertain on certain points of my Essay, on "*the construction of Fugue*" agree with my own. In answer to the call, permit me, first to observe, that I believe you wrote your review of my work in the spirit of sincerity; although, unfortunately, the main truth, or intention of the essay has escaped you, notwithstanding that it was stated at the very commencement of my preface in these terms:—"Fugues may be written in almost any school, style, and species of composition, and if anything truly original remains to be done in this intricate branch of music, it must be effected by the *construction*, and the *figures* employed in the counter-point of the figures." For this reason I constructed fugues in styles and methods that have never been contemplated: for example, open fugue; fugues without modulation, (i. e. without change of key), in the major and minor modes; fugues, *Al Recitativo*; *Tempo di Maveia*; and strict double counterpoint. Myes say, then is written expressly to show what *may* be done in counterpoint and fugue—not what *has* been done. You observe "Mr. Flowers is evidently a *fugue* writer at heart, and would prefer a subject that will *work*, to a melody that will please." The *subject* I selected for my illustrations is a bad one to work: this a good contrapuntist would instantly have remarked. Again, unless melodies be worthy of a fugue writer, he could not be "*a fugue writer at heart*," except a fugue writer at heart, means a fugue writer *without a heart*. I perceive you agree with me that our chords are unsatisfactorily named; but you do not admire those I have adopted. Being anxious to avoid unnecessary censure in the bringing out of a system of harmony unknown in this country, I simply translated from the German, the names Abbé Vogler, (the originator of this system), gave to the chords; and I believe, better or more definite ones could not be invented, because, as I observe in my essay, they "describe the real nature of the intervals of which the chords are composed." As an instance, I will take the double diminished triad, so called because it consists of a diminished third, and a diminished fifth. All the chords (as I could easily show), are equally, logically, and systematically named by A. Vogler. In referring to the "*fixed rules of dissonances*," you complain of this "simple matter," being hidden under a mass of confused terms. Simple as this matter appears to you, no theorist has made it plain to others; and the best musicians (as I proved in my essay) have been confused for want of a system and efficient terminology to explain all the different treatments to which a dissonance may be subjected. Would this have been made a "*simple matter*" if the terms I gave were nothing better than "*confusion*"? May not the fact of your having found it simple, matter (which before was *confused* matter), show that the terms themselves brought this matter conspicuously before you? Lastly, you question the utility of knowing under a system, all the *inversions* of a given melody: had you quoted from my essay, none of your readers, I think, could have coincided with you. I will, therefore, quote from it: "Inverting melodies is a new and excellent study, and one which teaches how to *invent* and *invert* melodies." If you hold, Mr. Critic, that melodies cannot be taught on any principles, (and yet there are works written expressly on the subject of melody), then your opposition to my views may, at least, be considered sincere; but I should regret to know that "*Douglas Jerrold's Journal*" is capable of maintaining and diffusing such a confused and injurious notion upon a matter so simple. Hoping you will excuse the length which your appeal has occasioned, I beg to subscribe myself, Sir, your obedient servant, FRENCH FLOWERS.

N.B.—I forward this to the Editor of the "*Musical World*," not because I am discontented with the article in "*Douglas Jerrold's Journal*," but to explain what I considered unnecessary in my essay, thinking such matters were too self-evident and too well understood to require explanation. It is true that I observed the highest praise awarded to Mr. Hamilton's little catechism on music just *above* the article on my essay; but for the

musings of a musician, I could not do better than recommend him to read extracts from Godfrey Weber's preface to his theory of musical composition, which is just published in London; these extracts would enlarge his views, and teach him that *high praise* is bestowed on minor works by those who most patronise them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This evening *La Favorita* and the ballet of *Coralie* will be repeated, and on Thursday evening next, a grand performance will be given, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Irish and Scotch Charities.

MR. T. SEVERN.—We understand that this talented musician is busily engaged in the composition of a new *Serenata*, on the same construction as his *Spirit of the Shell*, which has lately engaged so much attention. The subject is taken from the German Legend of *Fridolin*, and report speaks highly of the work so far as it has progressed.

A KENTISH BULL.—A Kentish print, in apostrophising the vocal excellences of a Miss Gordon, says:—"Miss Gordon, although a mere child, possesses a musical taste and vocal capacity which are well worth *going to hear*." We appeal to C. J. and the Trunkmaker for an explanation; in putting their noddles together they may contrive to sift the meaning from the verbose chaff in which it is embedded.

MENDELSSOHN'S ITALIAN OPERA.—(*Morning Post*, Feb. 19.)—We have seen a private letter from Mendelssohn, which abundantly displays the bungling officiousness volunteered so groundlessly on the subject of his composition of the new opera, of which Scribe transmitted to him the *scenario* on the 1st of Jan. The great *Maestro* expresses the highest admiration of the subject, and of the manner in which Scribe has adapted Shakspeare's immortal poem for the lyrical stage. [This is something less than saying nothing at all. Oh, *Post*! *Post*! you are in a fix.—ED.]

PIATTI.—We should have noticed the arrival of this eminent violoncellist, who has been earning new laurels in Italy, of which we have received an account, which we shall print in our next number.

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—The second performance took place last night: we must notice it in our next.

MR. GENGE will give his fifth annual Concert at Crosby Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 2.

MACREADY AS A MANAGER.—Mr. Macready's management practically solved the long and hotly discussed question whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness? The Puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was required by all friends of decorum. The most reputable as well as the most disreputable of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the attraction of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once corrected by the Covent Garden management; and afterwards, though under much vexatious oppression, at Drury Lane. The record of the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the managers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system.—W. J. Fox, in the *People's Journal*.

MADAME BISHOP will return to London in the second week of April, and remain for the season, having by that time completed all her provincial engagements.

MR. KEARNS.—Several influential members of the musical profession are earnestly interesting themselves to get up a concert for the benefit of the widow and nine orphans of the late Mr. Kearns. This lamented professor, though held in high esteem by his brother musicians, and standing in the very first rank of that department of the art of which his talents were an ornament, was, from the nature of those talents, and from the particular direction of his professional and private pursuits, little known to the general public. His excellence consisted in a peculiar knowledge of the orchestra, and an almost singular capacity for, and success in, the difficult art of instrumentation. Mr. Kearns first distinguished himself in this respect by the additional accompaniments he wrote to Purcell's *King Arthur*, which was revived about twenty years ago, under the management of Mr. Arnold, at the old English Opera House. At the Westminster Festival, in 1834, he added wind instrument parts to several of Handel's and Purcell's choruses, which were played with great effect; and since that time he has always been employed by the Philharmonic directors to arrange for the orchestra any pieces that have been given at their concerts of which the original scores were not to be obtained. Mr. Kearns, besides his many important engagements as a writer, filled for many years an important post in the Philharmonic and other orchestras. His death has left his large family in circumstances of great distress, and the efforts that are now making to relieve them are highly honorable to the feelings of those engaged in them. A committee has been formed, comprising most of the heads of the profession, for carrying out the business of the concert, which will take in about a month from the present time. Many offers of assistance have been received from the most eminent artists now in London, and we hope in the course of a few days to see an announcement of such names as will constitute a worthy tribute of respect to their brother musician, and an irresistible attraction to the public.—*Morning Post*.

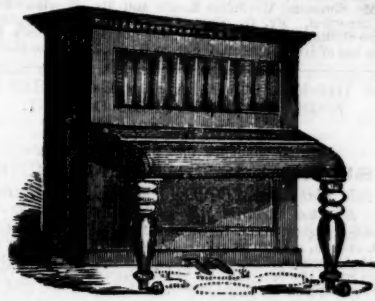
HAMMERSMITH.—On Monday evening a second representation of Loder's opera, *Giselle*, by the juvenile portion of the family of Mr. Van Millingen, took place at that gentleman's residence in St. Peter's-square. We gave a notice of the first performance of the opera at the theatre, which pleased us considerably, but the representation on Monday was an improvement in every respect. The parts of Giselle and Albert were capitally undertaken by the young demoiselles, Maria and Hester Van Millingen; but the Fridolin of the *petite Fanny* Van Millingen was positively extraordinary. This charming and talented child is only four years and a half old, and surprises all who hear and see her. Let our readers fancy a baby like this giving effect to Leffler's part in Loder's opera, ay, and singing his two songs, "Sure such a Beadle," and "My pretty sprites," in such a manner as to make the house ring with acclamations. Such precocity of talent is really wonderful. The audience, during the performance, seemed to be divided between shouts of applause and shouts of laughter. The opera was, on the whole, creditably done, and Mr. Van Millingen deserves the highest praise for the assiduity and patience he has expended in the education of his young family. The whole of the performers, with two exceptions, were under eight years of age. After the opera, little Fanny sang "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" with such spirit and *naïveté*, as to call for repeated rounds of applause, and the entertainment concluded to the delight and gratification of all assembled.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS E. WARD.—In a notice of the concert of Messrs. A. Newton and G. Case, our reporter wrote the name of this promising artist as Miss E. Warde. It should be as above, without the final e. We have been requested to note this erratum, which we do with pleasure.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Principal Vocalists:—Miss A. F. Smith, Miss Cubitt, Miss Thornton, Mrs. A. Newton—Mr. Shoubridge, Mr. N. J. Spore, Mr. Turner, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Genge, Mr. Kenny, Mr. J. B. Smith, Mr. H. Smith (from America), Mr. Edney, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Julian Kench and Mr. Blewitt. Violin, Master Thirlwall—Concertina, Mr. G. Case—Conductor, Mr. Farquharson Smith. Tickets, Three Shillings each—a limited number of Reserved Seats, Five Shillings each—may be had of Mr. Genge, 19, Peckham Grove, and at the Hall.

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(of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, her first appearance in this country).

MLLE. MARIETTA BADERNA

(of the Theatre La Scala, Milan).

Mons. PETIPA (of the Grand Opera, Paris).

MLLE. PLUNKETT

(of the Grand Opera, Paris).

MLLE. NEODOT

(of the Theatre Royal, Madrid).

MLLE. PUOCO

(of the Academie Royale de Paris)

Mons. DELPEKIER (of the Grand Opera, Paris).

MLLE. AURIOL

MLLE. DEMELISE

MLLE. CELESTE STEPHAN

MLLE. DELECHAUX

MLLE. LEVALLOIS

MLLE. DUVAL

MLLE. RITA PEREDA

MLLE. ARNAL

MLLE. ANNA MONROY

MISS GENGE

MISS HARTLEY

MISS BARNETT

MISS KENDALL

MISS ROSE COHEN

MISS LAURA MAURICE

MISS CHESTER

MISS MARSTEN

Mons. FERDINANDO CROCE,

Mons. AUGUSTE MABILLE (of the Grand Opera, Paris)

MISS L. PARIS

MISS C. PARIS

MISS MASKELL

MISS LEE

MISS KIRBY

MISS E. CLAIR

MISS BROWN

MISS R. WRIGHT

MISS CLIFFORD

MISS WARD.

With a numerous body of Coryphées and Figurantes.

MAITRES DE BALLET—Mons. ALBERT (of the Grand Opera, Paris), and **Mons. BLASIS** (of the Theatre La Scala, Milan).

LEADER OF THE BALLET—Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

REGISSEUR DE LA DANSE—Mr. O'BRYAN.

COMPOSER—Signor ALESSANDRO CURMI (of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples).

THE THEATRE.

To render the interior at once commodious, elegant, and comfortable, it has been entirely re-constructed and decorated under the immediate direction and after designs of B. ALBANO, Esq., C.E., with every attention paid to its proper ventilation. The decorations have been executed by Mr. PONSOMBY. The management has happily secured the artistic skill of Signori FERRI and VERARDI (of the Théâtre Italien, in Paris), to embellish the ceiling and to prepare a new drop scene. The approaches to the theatre will be found improved by a carriage-way being formed immediately under the portico in Bow-street, whereby parties can leave or enter their carriages without exposure to the weather, and by increased facilities for ingress and egress. The Refreshment Room will be under the superintendence of Mr. J. G. WATSON. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box-office, Bow-street; and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; also at Messrs. Andrews', Chappell's, Ebers', Hookham's, Leader's, Mitchell's, and Olivier's, Bond-street; Bailey's, Regent-street; and at Mr. Sams's, St. James's-street.

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